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are always
kind to your
throat

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Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED" an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

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"Batty Co-Ed"

Batty Coed has eyes of red from bourbon.

She also has an eye for ale.

Her face is flushed from good old gin ricks,

The circles 'neath her eyes are blue for Yale.

Oh, Batty Coed will drink of corn for Cornell,

Her nose is colored Harvard red.

Batty Coed will drink with all the college boys,

But none can last as long as Batty Coed.

Batty Coed will sip for Mississippi,
She's the one who drank old Gordon dry.
Batty Coed has often tasted dark Brown,
Her tonsils were removed by liquid lye.
Batty Coed has teeth of white from white mule,
Her nose is retrousse from tumblers tall,
Batty Coed is pure as any college girl,
For she has been preserved in alcohol.

—Masquerader.

- +: |: |: -

Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail)—Weak stomach, my lad?

Boy (nervously)—Why, ain't l putting it as far as the rest of them?

-Texas Ranger.

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A reader in New Jersey submits the following electrical plan:

If she talks too long—Interrupter.

If she wants to be an angel—Transformer.

If she is picking your pocket—Detector.

If she will meet you half way-Receiver.

If she gets too excited—Controller.

If she goes up in the air—Condenser.

If she wants chocolates—Feeder.

If she sings inharmoniously—Tuner.

If she is out of town-Telegrapher.

If she is a poor cook—Discharger.

If she is too fat-Reducer.

If she is wrong—Rectifier.

If she gossips too much—Regulator.

If she becomes upset—Reverser.

—Hornet.

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EDWIN H. YOUNG

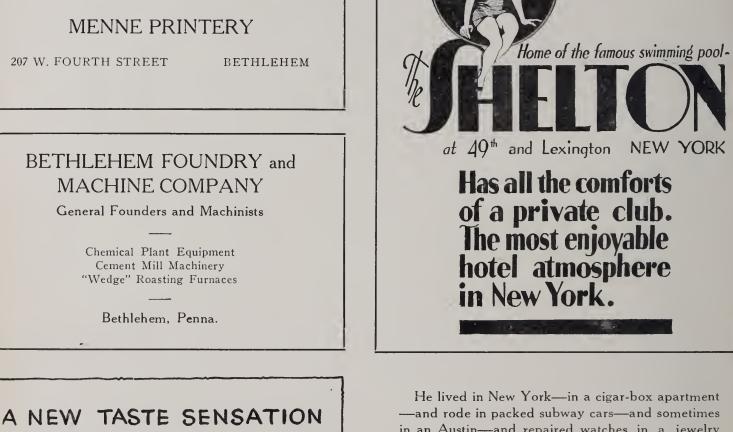
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He lived in New York—in a cigar-box apartment—and rode in packed subway cars—and sometimes in an Austin—and repaired watches in a jewelry store—and ate lunch at an Automat—and played miniature golf— and occasionally had a tiny table at a night club—and one bite of food—where the dance floor was negligible—and went to bed in the wee small hours—and yet he insisted that he would live nowhere but a big city where they did things in a big way.

—Juggler

- - -

Father, dear father, come home with me now, The sheep's in the meadow, the hay's in the cow, Little Boy Blue has found your corn, And Little Red Riding Hood's pants are torn.

—Whirlwind.

"Sweetheart, I want you the worst way."

"Oh, John, and I thought you really loved me."

-Battalion.



HOLIDAY

Very Tight: Sweetheart, I love you, I adore you, I can't live without you.

She: Well, I think we can arrange that, darling.

Very Tight: Oh, that'll be wonderful! She: Sober up, fellow, I'm your wife.

-Punch Bowl.

We hear that some of these tough guys are taking their Packard eights straight with an Austin for a chaser.

-Pitt Panther.

Insignificant Parent—"Isn't it time he could say 'Daddy'?"

Fond Mother—"We've decided not to tell him who you are until he gets a bit stronger."

—Pointer.

"You are the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said Jim College, as he shifted gears with his foot.

—Pointer.

· -->/:::}

Teacher—"The lady fed the milk to the cat. Algernon, what is the indirect object?"

Algie-"The kittens, dear teacher."

-Log.

Bald Student—"You say you can recommend this hair restorer?"

Barber—"Yes, sir, I know a man who removed the cork from the bottle with his teeth, and within twenty-four hours he had a moustache."

-Lyre.



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At a meeting of a state medical society the secretary read a letter from the consular office in one of the West Indies islands urging the need of a resident physician. In the moment of silence that followed the announcement a young man arose and said modestly, "I wish, sir that you would put me down for that place. It sounds good to me. My pratice here died last night."

- Jack-o'-Lantern.

- - - - - - - -

Three men were stranded on a desert island. It was three weeks before the rescue party arrived. Two of the men were dead—the third was as strong and healthy as the day he and his companions were stranded.

The leader of the rescue party looked at the two strong men lying dead on the sands from starvation. Then he looked at the puny survivor. "Tell me," he said, "How in the world did you manage to survive without food when these two powerful men could not?"

The man smiled. "I ate at a Fraternity house for four years," he admitted.

-Belle Hop.

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IF SO

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Would you expect to shoot elay dueks in the Tate Gallery? . . . What would you do if you came across a Cimabue in an old trunk? . . . Do you think a dry-point etching is executed with an empty fountain pen? . . . Do you know that a gargoyle is something besides the name of a college magazine? . . . The Altman prize has been awarded to an artist who hung his picture inside out. . . . Would you appreciate a work of this kind? . . . When, on your breakfast tray, you see a pot o' jelly, of what Italian artist are you reminded? . . . Vanity Fair is an authority on Art.

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—C.C.N.Y. Mercury.



THE LEHIGH BURR

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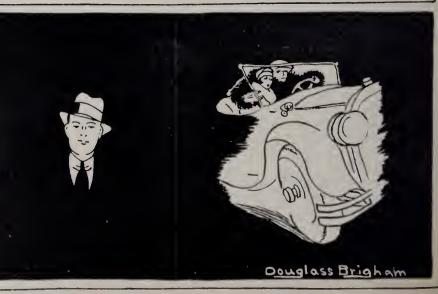
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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.



EDITORIAL

When the incumbent board took over the destinies of the BURR we made several drastic changes in the publication. Realizing that the student body at Lehigh would feel the world wide depression, we lowered the price to conform to that sentiment. We put the magazine on a straight 25c a copy basis. By so doing, we maintained the circulation rate of the preceding board instead of suffering a decline.

Our policy changed from one of generality to one of localization of campus affairs. The first number, AROUND THE CAMPUS, was almost exclusively a treatise on campus life. Several subsequent numbers were produced with the same idea. The result, which we hoped to achieve, and the result which we hope we achieved, was the arousing of student interest in the magazine. To some extent that was accomplished, but, as is said, that Rome was not built in a day, we built for the future.

Another policy which was maintained throughout the year was that of recognition of work on a strict point bases. We believe that this year is the first one in the history of the BURR that campus politics did not enter into the elections of the officers of the board for next year. In other words, we believe that the board for the coming year is the strongest one which could have been elected out of the present membership. Several pertinent facts can be deduced from these elections. In the first place, it is evident that there will be better cooperation in the functioning of the board for next year. The BURR should be a greater magazine for this fact alone. In the second place, it is evident that the members of the board have the interest of the BURR at heart, not to let petty politics and aspirations, militate to any degree in the selections of the officers of the board for the coming year. This is a unity of spirit which cannot be found in many organizations.

To take the last point and clarify it, we may say that the writing, the drawing, the business work in the future will all be centered on the common good of the magazine. One might say that since there was no opposition to the election of the officers of the board, there is a lackadaisical spirit evident. This is not so because all the members eligible for a position were nominated for that position. The election was based on work done which is the segregation of all the meritable characteristics desired of the officers. In theory, the officers of the board are perfect; we will tell you about the practical side one year from now.

To touch upon another strain, it is with considerable regret that the outgoing board takes its leave. The editor has spent the happiest moments of his college days in conjunction with the BURR. The work will ever live in his thoughts as a reminiscence of the better things to be derived from a college education. If I may, I shall now introduce the new officers for the board:

Ralph C. Benson Editor-in-Chief

William M. Eyster Managing Editor

William L. Arthur Advertising Manager Raymond K. Serfass Business Manager Carl Giegrich Art Editor

Assistant Editors
J. J. Roessle C. N. Crichton

Jules H. Booker Secretary

George J. Bienfang Circulation Manager



"WHAT A FOLLOW THROUGH!"
—Lafayette Lyre.

- - -

If you are caught red-handed, be nonchalant — tell 'em it's mercurochrome.

—Medley.

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Those Pilgrim maids were just as hot
As the ones we date today.

Woman alters not a jot
She behaves in the self-same way.

It's true that lack of clothes will give
A wholly new sensation—

The Pilgrim maids were just as hot,
But had more insulation.

-Purple Parrot.

Society Editor Goes Mad

Mrs. Meadow-Lark Jones presented her daughter Flavia at a cut-and-dried affair held in their huge barn on Yale Avenue last night. The house was decorated in the Oriental motif; gladiola, mistletoe, and sallow roses. Chinese servants were placed in odd places about the rooms.

The debutante, a buxom girl, permanently aged twenty-one, appeared rather woe-begone in green and peach-blossom, the same dress she has worn in her last two coming-out parties. She has just returned from Europe, during which time she is alleged to have picked up a number of dukes and barons, together with some St. Bernard dogs. Both were on exhibition as she made her way from group to group; the nobility and canine elements following her in close eschelon formation. The manager of the affair, Mrs. cleverly corseted, spent the ma-Meadow-Lark Iones, stout, but jor part of the evening keeping Mr. Jones away from a widow

From departmental statistics, with demountable red hair.

Mrs. Jones, party was the dullest in her ten-odd years of the ladder climbing. The only exciting thing of the evening happened when a group of college boys broke down a door and stole a baron. Those who amounted to anything left early, while most of the guests remained to see that their names were included in the paper.

-Calif. Pelican.

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He—Do you know the difference between a taxi and a subway car?

She-No.

He—Fine, we'll take the subway.

-Pointer.



-Princeton Tiger.

PASSION PLUS-

He sighed, She sighed, They sighed As one.

He sued, She sued, And 'twas Undone.

He sighed, She sighed, They sighed Once more.

She gasped,
He gasped,
For now
They're four!
—California Pelican.

—"I'm fed up on that," said the baby, pointing to the high chair.
—Mugwump.

ASSOCIATION

"How are all the little pigs down on the farm?"

"Fine, and how are the pledges at your house?"

-Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Hello, is this the City Bridge Department?

Yes, what do you want?

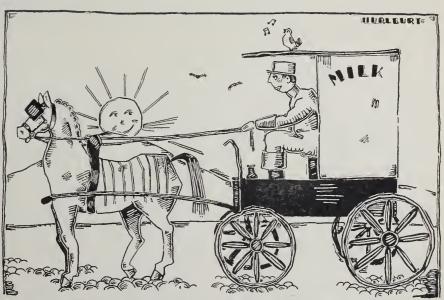
How many points do you get for a little slam?

-Puppet.

"How's the public sentiment out here?" asked a politician who pas passing through Raleigh.

"Still going strong," answered a farmer. "There were sixteen cars parked in my lane last night."

-North Carolina "Wataugan."



"OH, HOW I HATE TO 'GIDDUP' IN THE MORNING" 1 1

-Penn Punch Bowl.

IT NEVER RAINS IN CALIFORNIA (But It's All Wet)

A spluttering sound, closely resembling that of wet rain, was heard in Berkeley and surrounding bailwicks late last Tuesday evening. Dwellers in apartment houses said they didn't think much of it at the time because bath water running out of the floor above frequently made a similar noise. Early on Wednesday morning ,however, it was seen that puddles had collected on Shattuck Avenue and considerable interest was aroused by the phenomenon. A large crowd assembled, including a small boy with a tin can and a man from the local delicatessen named Pete Pekinpaw.

The small boy gave it as his opinion that rain had fallen. He said, furthermore, that he had always heard that rain brought frogs and he intended to catch in his tin can the frogs which the rain had brought. Mr. Pekinpaw advised him to "stuff it" in a voice which was politely incredulous, and lighted a match on the seat of his trousers.

After gazing at the puddles for some time without making much headway, the crowd grew panicky and police protection was called out. As an afterthought someone telephoned to the astronomers on Mount Wilson.

The astronomers were the first to arrive. They came in a Ford car, bringing with them all their apparatus, including a carpet sweeper and a can of vegetable soup. The Chief of Police soon put in an appearance driving a steam roller decorated with thumb tacks after the manner of the early Renaissance.

The experts from Mount Wilson were naturally jealous. They suggested an exchange of cars and sixbits in Mexican money to the Chief of Police. The Chief of

Police replied that he wore sock suspenders for the purpose of holding his hat on and the regrettable incident took place which has been referred to in President Lincoln's Gettysburg speech.

The fire department and the militia were called out.

The little boy tested the puddle with his finger and said that it reminded him of an aunt in Philadelphia. Mr. Pekinpaw's remark was that he didn't care anyway, and he went home for a plate of steak and chips which he had won at a poker game the night before Someone telephoned to the courthouse to have the official weather records consulted.

It was found that on inspection that in the year 1892 a suspicious drizzle had descended on Euclid Avenue, Emeryville and soberer districts of the East Bay Regions. An excess humidity of the atmosphere had also been recorded for February 29, 1912. This last entry, however, cannot be considered authentic, it being Leap Year's Day and the clerk's nerves completely shattered by five proposals before lunch.

The militia arrived, bringing with them the Plutonic Order of the Mystic Banana, Pagoda Number 55½, together with several members of the Elks' Club. Peace was quickly restored between the astronomers and the Chief of Police. While the learned gentlemen compared notes on the chemical composition of the colorless liquid and discussed its likelihood of being rain, the small boy definitely settled the matter by finding a large, yellow frog squatting under a parked car.

The experts from Mount Wilson went home to write books on their own astuteness.

The newspapers announced the rainfall in headlines that afternoon, running through forty-five editions and a comic strip. An

Irishman named Cohen made a fortune selling umbrellas as souvenirs on Shattuck Avenue. Farmers in the San Joaquin Valley praised God and dragged out the family bath tub in case it might happen again. Dairymen all over the State died of the disgrace. A child was born in Pescadero with water on the brain.

Latest News:

The Water Commissioners of Berkeley have just issued a report stating that a main broke under Shattuck Avenue late on Tuesday evening, flooding a portion of the street.

The little boy is still wondering how on earth that frog got there.

—Calif. Pelican.

She—"They ought to pass a law declaring war illegal."

He—"That wouldn't keep you women from baring arms."

—Black & Blue Jay.

Departed Spirit: Say, who are you?

Demon: Ha, I'm Satan.

Spirit: Well, I'll be damned.

—Cornell Widow.

"O how I wish the Lord had made me a man!"

"Well, kid, here I am!"

-Purple Parrot.

"See the beautiful virgin pines."
"Yeah, and I know what she's
pining for."

-Carnegie Tech. "Puppet."

"Give me that shovel."

"That snow shovel?"

"The hell it isn't!"

—Lyre.





SEE THROUGH IT?

"Well, my boy," said the new minister to the three-year-old, "what did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Ah, I got a little red chair," said the kid, "but it ain't much good. It's got a hole in the bottom of it."
—M.I.T. Voo Doo.

"Waiter, bring me two eggs, friend on one side loupe not too ripe but ripe enough, and coffee with but not too hard, toast with plenty of butter, cantejust a little cream."

"And how will you have your water?"

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

Paul Revere (shouting at window): "Husband at home?"

Lady: "Yes."

P. R.: "Tell him the British are coming."

P. R.: (shouting at another window): "Husband at home?"

Lady: "Yes."

P. R.: "Tell him the British are coming."

P. R. (shouting at another window): "Husband at home?"

Lady: "No."

P. R. (dismounting): "To hell with the British."
—V. M. I. Sniper.



"Say — You know that chimpanzee you had out last night, she wouldn't stand for any monkey business."

-Wisconsin Octopus.

Five Feet: Might I have this dance?

Six Feet: Yes, you mite.

-Octopus.

HONESTY, SIMPLICITY, AND THE SQUARE DEAL

No one who is unfamiliar with Main can truthfully say that he knows the United States. The quaint customs of the Maniacs are an education in themselves and their curious habits are worth going miles to observe. Isolated as they are from the civilizing influence of Park Avenue (except during the summer month), they have managed to hang on to their peculiar accent, dialect, and ways of acting. There is something about the average Maniac that makes you like him. Perhaps it is his perfect frankness. To give you an example of what we mean, we were passing through a little village on the Maine coast last summer, and as we drove by the brand new church, whose fresh white paint was almost blinding, we noticed a big sign in the church's front yard, which announced in large letters to the passer-by that there would be an event in the nature of a house-warming that night. The sign stated quite frankly: "Bean Supper at Seven O'clock. Music at Eight.'

—Princeton Tiger.

–Siren.

Dum: Hey, don't spit on the floor! Dummer: 'Smatter, is it leaking? THE GAY NINETIES

He (admiringly)—What a wonderful shape to your new bustel, my dear.

She—Sir, I have no bustel.

-Bison.

She: "What would you represent if you put your foot over a dime?"

He: "I'll bite."

She: "Woolworth's. Nothing over ten cents."

-Log.

Some girls love to dance,—others love for no reason at all.

-Carnegie Tech Puppet.

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Was that a ladle I seen you eatin' with last night? Naw, that was no ladle that was my knife.

-Bucknell Hop.

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No. 1—"I have had a very trying week-end."

No. 2—"Yeah? How many times did you try?"

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.



-Lehigh Burr.

The Phonograph Record

"Have you got that record -You're The something? I don't remember the rest of the title . . . Maybe that isn't the name of it but they keep singing - You're The so and so, all through the chorus. Then there's something about rain and sun and blue. Have you got it in stock? . . . I can't tell you who plays it. I heard it at a friend's house. I know there's an incidental chorus toward the end . . . Why, it sort of goes—da, da, da, de, da-da.... I can't hum very well . . . I didn't notice the make of the record. Can you name over some of the makes? . . . I guess it was either a Victor or Columbia . . . Oh, no; I can't whistle ... Maybe it was a Brunswick.

"There was something on the other side about I Got something. Have you a Brunswick with I Got something, or You Got something on one side and this You're business on the other? . . . Has Hal somebody got an orchestra? . . . Maybe he plays it. I really didn't notice . . . A cornet sort of comes in just before the incidental trio. . . . I know, but haven't you one where a cornet or something comes in like that? . . . No, it isn't Walk . . . I'd know it right away if I heard it . . . No, I didn't ask my friend where she got it . . . Yes, I suppose I could call her up but I don't exactly like to hum over the telephone.

"Hello, Marion? . . . Marion, this is Bertha . . . Listen, Marion—do you remember that You're something or other you played when I was over the other night with Willett? . . . I said, you have a record I'm trying to remember that goes da, da, da de, da-da . . . Would you mind closing the door, sir . . . Listen, Marion — I'm at Miller's trying to buy that record I liked that goes da, da, da de, da-da . . . I know, but I don't

know the name of it . . . You're The One I what? . . . You're The One I Care For! That's it! . . . Thanks a lot, Marion . . . What! . . . Oh, I didn't know you were playing the radio. . . No, I thought you were playing the Victrola. . . Thanks just the same, Marion . . . Bye.

"Have you got Three Little Words in stock?...I'll take Three Little Words then, please."

—Life.

Burglar — Where have you been?

Partner—Robbing a fraternity house.

Burglar-Lose anything?

-Wet Hen.

Edinburgh University's newest football yell — Get that quarter back.

-The Battalion.



THE PROM IDEAL
—Wisconsin Octopus.

"SHING A SHONG"

Shing a shong at 6:00 A. M.
A s'tummy full o' rye.
Four and twenty cocktailsh—
'ere raished t' th' eye.
When th' door wush opened—
A shkirt b'gan t' yell.
Beg pard'n—l'll take i' back—
l' wush th' wife—aw 'ell.

-Carnegie Tech Puppet.

WRETCHED PUN

"Why don't you help your sister out of the well?"

"How can I be a brother and a sister too?"

—South Dakota "Wet Hen."

- + : }: + -

Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!

He (with her): Have you a room and bath for my wife and 1?
Hotel Clerk: We have double rooms, but none with bath.

He (to her): Will that be all right with you?

She: Yes, mister.

-Bison.



"Could you direct me to the gent's room?"

—Purple Cow.

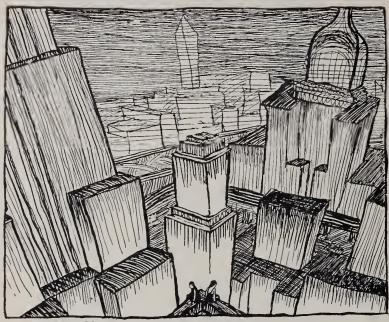
THE LOWDOWN ON PSYCHOLOGY

I don't know how many of my faithful (faithful to whom?) readers are interested in psychology, but I want you to know what a swell subject psych is. It has been said, that a psychologist is a man who knows more and more about less and less. To me that has become a truism-a thing which cannot be disputed. You see in this course we bought a book. It's a nice green book of medium size with very convenient sized type and plenty of margins on the pages to draw pictures on. The peculiar thing about the volume is that it is more often wrong than right. For instance: the author of the book says, Negroes are less intelligent than whitemen." Well, that's pretty easy to believe, and you believe it. Then in class the next day the instructor tells you that the book is wrong and that no definite proof has been found to back up such a statement. "Well," you say, "Blank (meaning the author of course) says such and such is the case and you say it isn't. Whom shall I believe?" And the prof answers, "I don't care who you believe as long as you get it right on your exam paper." Now I appeal to you as a sensible person, dear reader, is that an answer? Of course not. I think he's a very, very naughty man to confuse his little charges that way.

But there is something valuable we learn. It's about sex. (Ha you're interested) Well anyhow, it seems cousins shouldn't (or maybe they should anyhow the book says they shouldn't) marry, if they do, it weakens the stock, and you know how bad that is. For instance take the Wall Street crash of 1929. I have it on very good authority that that whole darn thing was started when two cousins were secretly married. It seems that when they heard about it all the Bears (big, middle sized and little and I'll include my pal Goldilocks if you don't mind) got panicky. Being good psychologists they figured that if there were any issue it, or they, would be weak stock. Now it isn't necessary for me to tell you what an issue of weak stock does to a market. lt's terrible. It makes the Boston Massacre look like a Tea Party (catch on?). You know the rest. Hell began to pop and before you could say "sell at the market" you were wiped out, cleaner than the proverbial whistle.

Goldilocks and I are good pals, she knew in advance what was going to happen and I sold short and made \$7.85. That's why I like psychology.

-Lehigh Burr.



'SPIT AND SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES!"

-Lafayette Lyre.

A little kissing On moonlight rides Is why we have The blushing brides. A little petting Just now and then Is why we have The married men!

-Log.

He: "Something seems to be wrong with this engine, it-"

She: "Don't be foolish, wait until we get off this main road."

—Dirge.

THINGS I DON'T LIKE MEN TO DO By Anna Nestledown

I don't like some of the little things that men do. If a man precedes me down a theatre aisle, it is like a deliberate slap in the face. Some men fail to open the car door for me and others forget to rise when I come into the room. When I am ready to go, I want them to be ready to go too. I like to have men tell me my faults and discuss them with me. I don't like flattery because it is usually so insincere. If a man orders first in a restaurant without consulting my wishes, it annoys me. Then there is the man who doesn't like to put on evening clothes. I don't see why, he looks so much better in evening clothes.

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SAY TO MISS **NESTLEDOWN** Anonymous

Admittedly men aren't the perfect gentlemen at all times. After waiting fifteen minutes at the entrance to a theatre aisle and watching half the seats being taken by some one else, the man finally decides to make up his lady's mind for her and starts out after a seat for her. Let us say you are at a night club with a fairly large party and each couple returns to the table and another leaves every minute or so. The men, acording to etiquette, are just so many jumping jacks. As for waiting for men, ve Gods and women talk. Some women don't even begin to get ready until they hear their escort ring the

door bell and then they mysteriously disappear to

take a bath and a few other incidentals, appearing

maybe a half hour later. As for not flattering a woman and discussing her faults with her. Have you ever tried it? If you have, you were probably laid up in a hospital for three weeks. The man usually asks his partner some five times what she wants and when he perceives the waiter has just about given up in dispair and is ready to disappear for another half hour, he finally gives his order to keep him there in hopes that the better half may make up her mind as to which are the most expensive dishes. And as for wearing evening clothes. Say, listen, lady, have you ever climbed into a tuxedo and had your neck chewed into a bloody mass by a tight-fitting scratchy collar. Then, let us say on a hot summer's evening when a woman is floating around in some filmy creation of less than nothing at all, the man feels as if he were in a turkish bath, and then you women wonder why men dislike to wear evening clothes which are about as comfortable and cool as a fur-lined straight jacket.

Now that Miss Nestledown's remarks have been answered, let me say something about the things l don't like women to do. I don't like a woman to talk about all the other men she has been out with and how cute so-and-so was. I don't like baby talk. Furthermore, why can't women act their age, if they are young why don't they admit it and act like human beings. I hate the snobbish affected kind that is out for all she can get out of a man and only nice to him just so long as she thinks she hasn't him quite "hooked." When the female of the species thinks she has you "hooked," God pity you!

-The Royal Gaboon.

IN OLD GREECE

Tailor: "Euripides?"

Customer: "Yah, Eumenides."

-Malteaser.

- +:{:}:--

Voice on police station telephone—"Officer, a burglar broke into the Old Maid's Home and they caught him. Could you send someone down to take him into custody?"

Cop-"Sure, Who's this calling, please?"

Voice (now with a Helen Morgan tear)—"The burglar."

-Michigan Aggrievator.

- 4 : } :

A divinity student named Tweedle,
Once wouldn't accept his degree
Cause it's tough enough being called Tweedle,
Without being Tweedle, D.D.

---Record

Trials

The jury had been out for twenty-four hours .All but one obstinate Dutchman stood firm for conviction. He could not be persuared to vote guilty, though all evidence had seemed convincingly in that direction. Finally the bailiff came in and asked the foreman if the jurymen were ready for their meal.

"Yes," answered the weary juror, "we're ready, and make it eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

-Pelican.

-- -- --

One of the freshmen, bless their little hearts, was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R. O. T. C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the capptain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeh," said the rookie, looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me!"

-Beanpot.

He (on phone) — How about a date tonight, honey?

She—I'm sorry, dear, but I was operated on yesterday and I'm all sewed-up for the week.

-Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

- *j{:};* -

Cleopatra—Gee, it's way past midnight. You had better get started.

Anthony—O. K., blow out the candle.

-Battalion.

Logical

Voices in the dead of night in the dorm:

Can't.

Wake up quick, wake up!

Why not?

Ain't sleeping.

-Purple Parrot.



"But, have you seen the 'Thinker' by Chic Sale?"
—Penn Punch Bowl.



"Say, Oscar, is companionate marriage for us, too?"

Jack-O-Lantern.

Dick Veriwell's Whip or The Phase on the Barroom Floor

Tingaling, tingaling, tingaling. Three shots rang out in the still air. Or were there four, or was it still air after all?

"Someone fired those shots," muttered Dick Veriwell, boarding a cab and speeding in the opposite direction. Our hero, as you who have read Dick Veriwell at Yonkers will remember, refusing to be a burden upon his family, has entered into public life and become a general burden. He first distinguished himself by administering a terrific pummeling to the diminutive and sickly Andy Smearface. Those who have read the Dick Veriwell Series, which

may be procured at all reliable manly acts.

But let us return to our hero bookstores, will recall other of his who has been sitting with his eyes glued to the meter. His breath came in short pants and his feet in large shoes. He knit his brows, curled his lips, and hemstitched his ears. He stole frequent glances only to cast them away. He took in deep breaths only to exhale them. He opened the window, looked out and with a sigh thought of his poise and wished that he were safe at home with them. For nearby his enemies, Jacques and Pierre, were each tense, making twenties in all. "The French heels," muttered our hero.

—California Pelican

I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE

A man in a red swimming suit plunged into the Pacific Ocean. Behind him was the coast of California. Ahead was a raft. He gained the raft and was in the act of boarding it when he discovered another swimmer had arrived before him. She was in blue.

"I beg your pardon," said the man in the red swimming suit. He would have returned to California immediately had not the woman in the blue swimming suit said, "I've seen you somewhere."

She was a slim, rounded person with friendly blue eyes—in her early twenties or, allowing for climate, in her late twenties at the most, he would say. Several years younger than he was. He said to her, "And I've seen you somewhere."

He was in his early thirties, she would say. Just about her own age. The deep tan on his face stopped at his neck and the even deeper ton of his arms ended above his elbows. She said to him, "Where?"

"I don't know," he said. "It must have years ago. To me you are someone I knew well once, possibly in college."

"I was thinking the same about you," she said. "I am sure that once we knew each other quite well."

"My name is . . . "

"Wait!" she silenced him."
Don't spoil it. Let's guess who we are?"

The man smiled. Here was a companion worthy of the afternoon. He had a fleeting desire to cut the raft's mooring and let it drift to some uninhabitated island. "All right," he said. "Who am 1?"

(Con. on page 32)

TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

Some students think that on the Friday before the grades are due at the registrar's office, the professor is blindfolded, and pulls names out of an old felt hat. The first five get A, the next ten B, the next twenty-five or so C, and after that you're just out of luck, that's all. But the way it really goes must be about like this:)

Professor: Well, Joe, I guess we'd better get to work on those grades before the Registrar starts to

Reader: O. K. Here's Abrams. Know him?

Professor (Busy reading Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun): Huhuh.

Reader: There was a guy in high school named Abrams who told the principal that I put spitballs in the ink. He sure thought he was pretty good. (Puts down an E) Here's Baker.

Professor: Susan B.?

Reader: Yeah.

Professor: Pretty nice kid. Mu Mu Mu. Asked me to their formal, and sure looked surprised when I told her I was married. (Reader puts down on A for Susan.)

Reader: Brown, S. J.—Say, did I tell you about the little blonde I had out last night? (Brown, S. J. gets a B) Gee, but was she a honey! (Bogart and Buzzell both get A.)

Professor: You lucky stiff! Where'd you go?

Reader: Down to the Hotel. (Carter gets a C) Cost me six bucks before I was through, too. (Caspar, Collins, Cresslar and Cummins all get D.)

Professor: Well, that's one expense I haven't got. But I suppose you think it was worth it.

Reader: Gee, yes! You oughta see her profileand can that baby dance-mmmm! (Davis and Daniels get A.)

(Note to flunkees: Clip out the foregoing, write: "This hits it just about right" on the margin, and send it back to the folks. Of course, if you're making Phi Bete, just don't pay any attention. You probably wouldn't anyway.)

-Wash Columns.

- + + + + -

"Gentlemen, I think that we glue manufacturers must stick together."

"The feeling is mucilage.

-Froth.

—Witt.

- 3 : } --

He (nervously): Margaret, there's been something trembling on my lips for months and months. She: Yes, so I see; why don't you shave it off?



"HEY! JOE, QUIT SHAKIN' THE ROPE."

-Princeton Tiger.

Wife: "Do you realize that twenty-five years ago today we became engaged?"

Absent - Minded Professor: "Twenty-five year. You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married.

-Orange Peel.



Scene—Athlete buying a sweater. Salesman—Crew neck, mister? Athlete—no, not while we are training.

-Lampoon.

Absent-minded sales girl (as date kisses her goodnight): "Will that be all?"

Texas "Battalion."



"Hey ma, where the lousy hell's the gin?"
—Purple Cow.



SHE—"What's the matter, Horace?" HE—"Oh, nothing. I'm just thinking."

—Yale Record.

Ali Baba—Open Ses'me.
Voice from within—Sez you!
—Lord Jeff.

Newly-wed (honeymooning in the west) wired to his boss — Please give extension of vacation, it is wonderful out here.

Boss replied—Come back at once, it is wonderful any place.

-Siren

--

"Stop! Please don't do that dear. Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!"

"What do you think you're doing, writing a telegram?"

-Punch Bowl.



"TO LIGGET'S"

-Jack-O-Lantern.

Fellow (holding on-half of one pair of twins)— You say their names are Al Smith and Herb Hoover?

Proud Momma-Yup.

Fellow—Well, er, guess this one must be Al.

-Longhorn Ranger.

"That will be enough out of you," said the milkmaid as she moved to the next cow.

-Yellow Jacket.

A group of tourists were looking over the inferno of Vesuvius in full eruption.

"Ain't this just like hell?" ejaculated a Yank.

"Ah, zese Americans," exclaimed a Frenchman, "where have zey not been?"

-Battalion.



Goodnight, baby, if you talk in your sleep, don't mention my name.

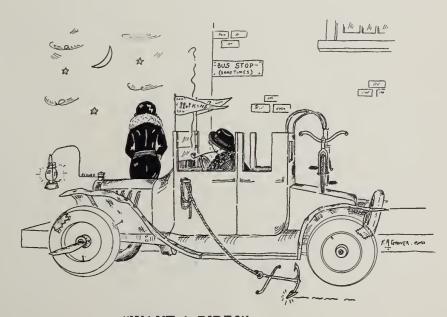
-Battalion.



'33—About how many cigarettes do you smoke a day?

'34-Just any given number.

-Battalion.



"WANT A RIDE?"

"GOT LOTSA GAS?"

"SURE!" (hopefully)

"WELL, STEP ON IT, BIG BOY!"

-Black and Blue lay.

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Vunce dere vas a Deutschmann Named Schlagenkunkelstein, Und all he did der whole day long Vas trink schwartz beer und vine.

His bruder tried to stop him;
His vife, she done her pest;
His children begged him on der knees
Dat he should stop vunce chest.

He got so trunk he could not stand,
He fell doon on der floor.
Und den he sweared und den he called
Und made dem bring him more.

His pelly schwelled, he trank so much.
It poofed oop in der air,
But all he did vas call to dem
To bring him some more beer.

He poofed so much he floated oop;
He sailed right out der door.
Der Flying Deutschmann vas he called;
He nefer vas seen more.

-Yale Record.



She: Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you stay here all night?

He: Gosh, I'll have to telphone mother first.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.



A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach the doorbell. He rang the bell for him, then said: "What now, my little man?"

"Run like hell," said the little boy, "that's what I'm going to do."

-Frivol

Soph: What's your name, Plebe.

Frosh: Quitz Jones, sir.

Soph: Where'd you get that name Quitz?

Frosh: When I was born my father came in and saw me. He said to mother, "Mary, let's call it Ouitz!"

—Puppet.



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First: "Did you enjoy yourself while you were a freshman at college?"

Second: "Did I! Why those were the happiest years of my life."

—Stanford Chaparral.

Conductor (to young lady): "I'll have to charge full fare for your little brother, he's wearing long pants."

Younger brother: "Gosh sis, according to that, you ride free."

—Mugwump.

And then there was George. He was a good guy, all right. He had t ohave a lot of sleep because he slept slow.

-Gaboon.

--

If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant—take a bath.

—Log.

A patent medicine manufacturing company received the following letter from a satisfied customer.

"I am very pleased with your remedy. I had a wart on my chest, and after using six bottles of your medicine, it moved to my neck, and I now use it for a collar-utton."

—Harvard Lampoon.

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Mas—"Why isn't a dog's nose hot instead of cold?"

Stiff—"If it were, he'd burn the other dog."
——Penn Froth.

He called his daughter Egg because she was always getting into hot water.

-Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Greek: What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?

Pledge: Give her the benefit of the doubt.

-Carnegie Tech Puppet.

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restaurants! No wonder Planters Peanuts
are called "The Nickel
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Little Willie—Mom, you said the baby had your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?

Mom-Yes, darling.

Willie—Well, you'd better keep your eye on 'em. He's got grandpop's teeth now.

—Puppet.

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

-Brown Bull.

"Jones is the most brutally frank business man in town."

"How so?"

"When he remits in payment he writes: You have already found the enclosed check."

—Puppet.

-- - - - -

"But, my good man, you're not blind!"

"I know it, lady. I'm workin' for me brudder; he's sick today."

-Sun Dial.

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Tick—And do you really love me?

Tock—Naw! That's only gas on my stomach.

—Red Cat.

-- - -

Frank—I don't see how you tell those Smith twins apart.

Hank—That's easy. Mabel always blushes when we meet.

-Pricneton Tiger.

The class in public speaking was to give pantomimes that afternoon. One frosh got up, when called on, went to the platform and stood perfectly still.

"Well," said the prof., after a minute's wait for something to happen. "What do you represent?"

"I'm imitating a man going up in an elevator," was the quick response.

—Dodo.

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"I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE"

(Continued from Page 22)

"I know you play tennis," she said. "The extent of your suntan tells me that. Or is it golf?"

"It's golf. Or rather it was golf. Starting with today I have given it up. Dr. Matthews said worrying about my game was bringing on nervous indigestion and . . ."

"Dr. Matthews?"

"Yes. I was coming along great. Last year I reached the semi-finals in the club tournament and this year I was going around in . . .

"It's too terrible, isn't it?" she interrupted. "Dr. Matthews is making me give up bridge, starting today. He said I must get my mind off it entirely. That's why I took up swimming."

''l'm glad you did.''

"The bridge club is meeting at

Mrs. Parker's this afternoon. This evening it meets at Mrs. Stone's —and here I am on a raft."

"At least we have something in common," said the man. "The open championship ends this afternoon and tonight there is a dinner for the winners—and here I am on a raft."

"And we haven't guessed who we are?" she laughed. "I know I've seen you somewhere.

"And I'm equally certain I've seen you somewhere."

"Could it have been in Kansas City?" she asked. "I played there as a representative of the club. At one table my partner bid three hearts and I bid a little slam. The six of clubs was led and . . . "

"Perhaps it was Seattle?" said the man. "Four of us go up there now and then to play the Belle Meade course. The sixteenth is a 445-yard dog leg. One the left is a lake and on the right is . . ." "You weren't on the cruise to the West Indies, were you? We had 250 players, 62 tables. On the fourth day out I led an ace and . . . "

"Sometimes I go to Fort Worth to visit my brother," said the man. "The ninth hole there is an iron shot. There are two sand traps. One is just to the left of the green and . . . "

"We couldn't have met on a golf course," said the woman. "I don't play golf."

"I don't play bridge," said the man.

Unknown to the two a third swimmer, a youngester of ten or twelve in a yellow swimming suit, had left the California shore. He climbed aboard the raft and, seeing the man in the red swimming suit and the woman in the blue swimming suit, said, "Hello mom! Hello, dad!"

-Life.



NEW!

ARROW GORDON OXFORD SHIRTS

ARROW SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

Guaranteed for

PERMANENT FIT!

TOW, for the first time, you can buy V new, improved Oxfords—the leading shirt fabric in the leading colleges. Good-by to old-fashioned shirts that shrank out-offit the moment they were laundered. Gordon Oxford shirts are Arrow tailored and Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk, That means just this: Gordon Oxfords are Guaranteed for Permanent Fit or your money back! Think of it; cool comfort, good looks and guaranteed fit in genuine college shirts instead of the old "Shrink, shrink, shrink."

Gordon Oxfords come in plain white as well as in colors to suit your individual taste. The following models are most popular among college men:

PARK—with regular collar attached and band cuffs.

GORDON - with button-down collar attached and one-button lapel pocket. French cuffs.

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